

**Days of Naughty Men
Grip of Native Sod
Would You Live It Again?**

By

N. C. HANKS

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FOREWORD

1
We open our portals of human intelligence to known and unknown. Human behavior is forced or voluntary; if forced, it may be training, if voluntary, it is self-expression.

2
Survival of the fittest is the ever present law of creation.

3
God is Man's chosen dream.

4
When we are positive we are right we cease to investigate.

5
We are in a changing world and it changes us with it.

6
When we stop changing the world leaves us behind.

7
"Truth, beauty, and justice are the three great objects of human life."—Plato.

Nights Days of Naughty Men

OUR HERITAGE

When Christopher Columbus landed on the shore of San Salvador, he lifted the curtain of freedom in the world much more than he realized then, and more than we realize now. America is still growing.

We all know new Spain spread through the middle Americas. With its civilization came European sins and sorrows, orthodoxy, savages, and pirates. I think we may consider the Central and South American Republics a success. True, they are strangled by the ghosts of the past, but intelligent procedure in a well arranged Pan American League will give each country a chance to rid itself of the damning revolutions and the strangling orthodoxy which has held most of our Central and South American countries on the brink of self-destruction since colonization began.

More than a hundred years after Spanish colonies were well established our slow thinking "Johnny Bull" grandfathers founded Jamestown and Plymouth. The glitter of gold and the anticipated luxury of the Jamestown colony was a shattered dream when they awakened to the fact that it takes real hard work to accomplish great things. Our Puritan fathers came to New England because they had to. They brought the seeds of religious and political freedom, also the bigotry and orthodoxy of European civilization. They drowned and burned the witches, whipped the Quakers, and cut off their ears.

The real heritage of the Baptist Church and its people began when Roger Williams was driven from the Puritan colony. Pioneers pushed their frontier from New England west and south, and from Virginia west and north. This invincible army of "Naughty Men" pushed the pioneer civilization into human freedom until today the great territories of the Americas are free from the stranglehold of a monarch, dictator, or a feudal lord. This freedom is the heritage of every young American on the two continents.

From the assemblies of the Dutch colonists in New York and the early assemblies in Virginia, the laws and repeals of the Puritan Fathers in New England—from their efforts and experience gradually came into being our form of representative government. Looking back over the turmoil and confusion we are astonished when we realize they accomplished as much as they did. Printed on the record of these colonial days is the greatest lesson of courage and patriotism that we have in the history of humanity. Charters, grants, savages, wars, poverty, and hard work, then came the supreme test—the American Revolution, the signing of the Declaration of Independence, the adoption of the Constitution, and—lo—the birth of a nation, the grand, old United States.

We have it—it is our heritage. One hundred and fifty years the sovereignty of the nation has been held by the people. Thomas Paine wrote first the words, United States of America, and common sense crystallized his dream and made it real. He sacrificed to his limit as did the other founders and leaders in the infant days of the new republic. Benjamin Franklin laid the diplomatic corner stones on which our United

States now stands. Washington refused to be king. Alexander Hamilton instituted a workable monetary system and a functioning federal government with its judicial, legislative, and executive departments. Hamilton's contribution was conservative. Thomas Jefferson gave us the Declaration of Independence, also a liberal democracy. The other American patriots contributed their efforts to establish religious and political freedom, and best of all, personal freedom for every "naughty" man and woman in the borders of the United States.

Bad and good are free to do their best or worst. The abuse of freedom, like over indulgence in all good things, becomes a curse to the individual and a menace to the race. The political parties, our elections, local, state, and federal government have been, and are, a most fertile field for good citizens and crooks. The social outlaws run wild to their doom, and since our beginning until now, sincere men and women throughout the nation have had, at least a fighting chance to use their judgment and do their best.

Man's greatest asset is his own opinion, judgment, and reason. Our opinions, judgment, and reason make or break us. The whole, great, big, grand, old United States is the garden in which personal opinion has been fostered, grown, and developed. Worthwhile personal opinions, grown up, become the celebrated public opinion which sways the American people to their limit. Vigilantes, martial law, Ku-Kluxers, cults, and creeds, have hurled their opinions and doings broadcast. They break over us like a tidal wave, only to recede and leave us gasping for breath and common sense. At the end of each four years, through our elections, we can take down the useless ornament and

the tricksters. The American heroes who didn't function can be laid back into private life without a hideous war.

This is our political heritage. This can be done for the American Republics by the Pan American League and for all nations if a world union can be perfected. All the nations should submit to an arrangement similar to the states in the United States. All nations should renounce the right to make war. Half of the local governments, county, state, and national, could be omitted if the national police force was made stronger. Half of the army and navy is waste. Under a well governed and directed league, the United States Army and Navy could protect and patrol the whole two continents of North and South America.

Telegraph, radio, and areoplanes have shortened distance and time until even national borders are unnecessary. A universal language, and a world wide set-up of free public schools would be the best next step into the future of civilization.

WAR DANCE

As far as we know the history of mankind, no primitive or pagan people ever staged a more elaborate war dance than is now going on in Europe and Asia. The Iroquois, Dakotas, Apaches, Utes, painted their faces and circled their fires, wielded their tomahawks and sharpened their spears with as much pride and pomp as the present day pale-faced savages play their war games, demonstrate across each other's national borders that the barbarous brutal practice of savagery has just grown up. The tomahawks are now machine guns, the modern spear is the aeroplane and her bombs, and the most perfect venom of all time is their poison

gas. Survival of the fittest has ruled from the snake den and the fish pond through the known ages.

On the shore of Green River at Jensen, Utah, is a great dinosaur bed. Protruding from a precipice of sandstone are huge bones. One thigh bone on exhibition at Fort Duchesne weighs thirty-four hundred pounds. This great variety of dinosaur bones is the mute evidence, scientists and anthropologists tell us, of a race of reptile life that inhabited the earth from fifty to eighty million years ago. Approximately thirty million years these thousands of varieties wandered all over the surface of the earth. The largest was brought from Africa to the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, D. C. I stood where the block of sandstone was cut from the cliff which contained the smallest dinosaur in all the world. In the institute in Washington, D. C. these two are on exhibition.

In the Museum of Natural History in New York City are mounted two specimens in battle of the dinosaurs which annihilated the dinosaur race. The earlier varieties lived mostly on vegetation, but the later ones had sharp teeth and a big mouth. They stood on two feet, much like a huge bird, with a big long tail of muscle and bone, and the largest specimen of this killer variety had a mouth full of sharp teeth that could take a four-foot bite of its prey. This is the particular specie that annihilated the dinosaur race. Written on the pages of Almighty creation's books are the stories of cannibals, beasts, and reptiles devouring themselves in an effort to destroy the other fellow. Universities, churches, schools, and colleges have trained the human mind until we look into nature's depths and there we read the writing on the wall. The world

of the beast and the savage will collect its own price, which is annihilation.

Man is the dominant form of animal life in the world today. When he is cultured, intelligent, and trained, he is the best animal on earth, but when he lacks the desirable qualities and descends to the basis of the beast, he is in all forms the worst, most vicious animal alive, and unless our present day barbarians are checked they will run true to the form of beast and brute creation. It can be said all in one word, annihilation.

Huge mounds in Ohio, New Mexico, Arizona, and Old Mexico, where the homes of a vanished race have decayed, speak, in unquestionable language, the finish of the human race on this continent. The pyramids have survived the race that built them. The great Chinese Wall is a physical monument to the industry of the Orientals. Both Oriental and Egyptian culture, the oldest civilizations in human history, are dominated today by physical force. Their arts, crafts, science, and ideals are crushed beneath the heels of the conqueror.

When the wolves hunt through the north woods of our America and trail their prey to the trackless wastes of Siberia, were they more fierce, relentless, or cowardly than our pack of human wolves who roam the gangland, even economic classes, and the international bull ring of today? A flash over the wires that an outlaw was set to kill, would raise into action all our civilized equipment to stop him. Today we see many of the world's greatest outlaws, men who have dared to scrap all treaties, defy all civilized law, national and international, and they are prepared to

kill millions of people and destroy the best that the Caucasian race has accomplished.

Humanity cries out for the best it has known. Why stand we idly by and permit human mock monarchs to wreck the civilization of our age and destroy the population of the world? The good people outnumber the bad and the worthwhile human beings are longing, praying, and trusting as all the other vanished worthwhile races have prayed, longed, and trusted until their leaders have plunged them into destruction. Military conscription and the draft law is the drag net which forces people, good and bad, into war. When the leaders say go, all must march to their death. To every thinking, human, reasonable, mind, the pathetic conclusion must be admitted, that Europe and the Orient is once more doomed to the inhuman slaughter of warlords.

The prayers and tears of the dead and dying lifted today from the earth to the high heavens, even to the throne of Almighty God, and yet there is no change. Human governments have failed to avert the will of the beast, and once more we are face to face with the decline, and destruction of the human race. Must we submit? I say, no. There is a right way to solve our human problems. Nothing but a great war can stop the bloodthirsty savages of Europe and the Orient as they are situated. The international efforts of the League of Nations has died in the eastern hemisphere without a real struggle, and oh, America! statesmen, educators, preachers, read your doom in the happenings in that Eastern half of the world. The questions involved in our elections, the New Deal and the G. O. P., are all child's play when compared to the international future. We must keep the continents of

North and South America from this whirlpool of destruction. There is a way, and we must do it, or die.

The Pan American League, with its home in Washington, D. C. must be perfected and made to function. This is the most important job in the world today. Uncle Sam must take the lead.

LAW I

A president shall be appointed each two years by a two-thirds majority of the representative delegates.

LAW II

Delegates to represent each nation in the assembly of the league must be elected by popular vote in the general election of each country.

LAW III

There shall be no arms, ammunition, gasses, or war material, manufactured or owned by a signatory member except for police protection in local affairs.

LAW IV

Each member of the league shall contribute its portion for national protection and in case of aggression, within or without the nation's borders, all members be bound equally to share in the protection and defense of its members.

LAW V

In case of aggressive war from within or without the national borders of the signatory nations, all armies and navies will join equally to conquer the aggressor, and the territory of the aggressor shall be held under international control. A governor shall be appointed by the league to govern each territory conquered from any aggressor who makes war.

LAW VI

All trade agreements and revenues shall be equal in privilege and amount to all nations concerned. Set revenues will be retained in each sovereign state and used to defray local government expenses.

LAW VII

Expenses of league will be paid by taxes collected from each signatory country.

LAW VIII

All civil war shall be treated by members of the league as wars of aggression, the warring factions conquered and the territory placed under a governor appointed by the league. These governors shall rule over all territories conquered until the league shall restore by a vote the sovereignty of such conquered states.

LAW IX

All navies and armies of the signatory members of the league will be used under the direction of the president of the league for any external or internal police duties.

LAW X

Congress and the Senate of the United States should pass a law declaring said law international, any nation declaring war or making war for any cause whatsoever is internationally by the United States declared an outlaw. Their territories and governments confiscated, and thereafter held by the United States under territorial government.

LAW XI

The act of making war by any state will be considered a declaration of war by the United States government.

LAW XII

We do hereby pledge ourselves and our associate members to make an end of all war and control the territories of war making nations.

The above suggestions are merely a skeleton which I feel sincerely could be enlarged upon and perfected until the United States government and the Pan American League will provide personal security for the peoples of America, and ultimately the world, and a written legal warning to other nations of the world assuring beyond doubt that we will put an end to any war they may have the poor judgment to start. Personally I would like to see a United States territorial governor placed at the head of each nation that dares to fight and kill their fellow men.

We in the United States must ultimately fight to protect ourselves from the aggressive greed of the warlords. Therefore, let us choose our time to subject them peacefully if possible; by economic and diplomatic force. In case milder methods fail the navy and army should be used.

CIVILIZATION

"Man and woman" are the titles we apply to grown up human beings. Quality of manhood and womanhood is expressed most vividly by our acts and thoughts.

To select a purpose worthy of a man's or woman's best efforts is invariably the most important task of beginning life. People who continue to do things which are beneath their ideals and capacity shrivel in judgment and ambition. When men or women choose a profession or task which commands their best mentally and physically their work becomes a pleasure and a development. Tasks chosen beyond our comprehension grow into completion as we develop to meet the new requirements.

As with men and women, so it is with churches, universities, and nations. When people have nothing more to struggle for, no higher growth to attain, the unused energy of their minds falls into the useless practice of admiring themselves and their past glories. Again, as with individuals, it is so with groups, and through human history, as far as we know—this has been true. The reformers who have reached for new ideals throughout the world may be classed as "The Naughty Men". They have dared to break the established precedents of government, churches, and society. The good ones have helped, the bad ones have gone down. Where they have survived, the bright lights of their intelligence has glowed into the future and blazed pathways through the unknown. The strength of human character has pushed our reformers in science, government, and religion like guiding stars into our human society. We possess common sense and reason only to the extent of our knowledge.

The job of keeping sane requires our most alert vigilance, so much camouflage is willfully presented as knowledge. This vicious practice has made a real madhouse of our human society, churches, colleges, schools, and everyday life. The American schoolboys and girls who must understand things before they accept are our only human hope of ultimate civilization. These same youngsters grow up, and finally are not joiners. The supreme test of mental quality is when people will not join a mob or fanatical cult, religious or fraternal. A fanatic is either a hypocrite or lacks intelligence, watching always for an unfair advantage in society or personal life.

Most confusing are the orthodox trails, the shouting sky pilots, the general mixture of hell-fire and

damnation. The real power of this magnificent nonsense was broken, when the United States established religious freedom. "The world is my church and doing good is my religion," this quotation and other early American writings and social arrangements gave human beings their first chance to do as they chose—religiously, politically, and personally.

A well chosen course which leads people to important destinations in our world society is as often accident as deliberate choice. A chosen religion or profession may prove unsatisfactory when an accidentally discovered one may fit our requirements and ideals. When we force ourselves to do the required work of a profession, conform to the requirements of an orthodox code, against our best conclusions and judgment, drudgery is the only name for that work which is forced upon us or required of us by customs, codes, or creeds which we do not approve. All may be worthwhile lived as a test for experience.

Grown up men and women wish to attain happiness for themselves, approval of their friends, be an asset to their nation, and a benefit to human society in the world. How can we do it, is the challenge of modern people. We are lost in the fog most of the time. Our choice is strangled by circumstances. The everlasting law of creation pushes us up or down into the niche where we help or hinder.

Any revolutionary idea or movement which is strong enough to succeed, makes itself right, and forces its approval on the less powerful. This is true from the smallest to the greatest thoughts of people. The individual man or woman may be just a throne on which the thought or position is hung.

We are much pleased with ourselves when we

think we are right. All organized religions, creeds, cults, mythology and superstition through the history of the centuries has given people the security of feeling they were right. The religions in ancient times laid the foundation of our present day civilization. They have made an opportunity for humanity to do that which they thought was best. Millions of people have been helped to mental security, love of their fellow men, and reverence for God by these organizations.

The hope that has filtered into human lives from churches and religious training has been worth all its cost. These great world wide religious organizations portrayed and taught what they thought was true. They have all used fiction to demonstrate truth and truth to demonstrate fiction. Thus was born into human consciousness the drama, theater, and novel. Each have had their turn, clarifying and confusing the pathway of human reason. Men and women in the world who honestly think and study have watched the old religions and philosophies take their place in the closet like old clothes or things to be used no more.

The death of orthodoxy is as certain as the growth of the human mind and the development of society. The old creeds today look like an empty house by the side of the road, desolate, hopeless. Notwithstanding the fact they were built with the best humanity has ever known and sustained by hundreds of millions of human wealth, they are all going into decay, and whether we like it or not these glorified palaces of security are even now a relic of the past.

The young people of this generation are demanding an opportunity for self-expression which orthodoxy does not afford. The scope of the human mind has been made bigger by the democratic freedom

taught in our schools and universities. We are facing the great danger of uncontrolled human freedom, where the scamp, crook, and the rascal are free to create havoc. Our governments and organized human society have failed until now to provide a social security and a worthwhile opportunity for the clamoring efforts of the young people in the world. "Give us a chance", is the echoing cry of young humanity, "Give us a chance or we will take it," in religion, in government, and in education.

Mussolini, Hitler, and Stalin were hurled into power by accumulating and assembling the young and ambitious peoples of Italy, Germany, and Russia. Unworthy as all three are to lead a nation they flung broadcast a new Italy, a new Russia, a new Germany. They have thrown away all forms of old orthodoxy and most of the regulated forms of old government. They have dared defy the organized world. "Days of Naughty Men" seem to apply more fully to these three feudal lords than anything in modern time.

Nineteen-fourteen, Kaiser Wilhelm reached with all his power for the control of the world. All three of the dictators mentioned have openly or secretly planned the same conquest. Their madness can only result in their self-destruction. The peaceful opportunity to stop such human woes was lost, at least for the time being, when the United Nations of the World failed to organize and function in the League of Nations. This failure was the great mistake of our age. Only a great war can stop the mentioned dictators from annexing to their will at least the European and Asiatic peoples.

After they have torn each other to pieces, weakened and impoverished the Caucasian race, when the

carnage and the bloodshed is over, there shines like a dragon's eye that child of the sun preparing its millions of Orientals to overrun the Western world, flying that same old banner. A child of a God has the right to rule all humanity. Will it never end is the question that rises in every thinking mind? Can there come out of the chaos a plan or organization which will rescue humanity from itself?

BLESSINGS OF EARTH

We must live and die on this good old earth. Whether we like it or not determines largely our success or failure, joy and sorrow. If we like it, the whole creation smiles to us in glad response and usually returns, bit for bit, that which we have passed to the world and our associates.

What we think usually controls that which we do and say. Our acts and our language portray more clearly what we really are than any other standard of judgment. When the glorious dawn of the new day spreads over the world, mingles with the beautiful light of new opportunity can we accept it with a thrill of gratitude? The beauty and grandeur of a glorious sunrise assembles all the magnificence of creation to welcome existing life into an expansion of real growth. In spite of ourselves is forced into our being the whole panorama of the world's variety on parade, and we must do the choosing. Our playtime, through childhood, our appetites, language, habits, and tastes all begin in the morning of life and are usually continued through the days of our existence.

Work, play, love, and experience, come joyfully if we like this world and its offerings. The first

and greatest thrill in human life is the accomplishment of a useful purpose which makes us necessary or important to the welfare of others. Slowly, bigger and finer, this love of life and existence rises until it fills the whole creation with a kindred understanding.

It requires the biggest and best development that men and women are capable of to love everything and each other in the right way. Love once lived and recognized never passes out of our souls. Objects and people we love may change and pass out of our lives, but that tender thrill of everlasting tolerance stays forever with us and grows more sacred as the years drift away. Sight may fail and physical contact may be lost with the world or our dear ones, yet the highlights of the sunrise and the sunset, the beauty and glory of creation will become more vivid as life goes on.

The childhood sweethearts, the mother and wife, all assemble in our life's experience mingling the heart throbs and life's most tender intimacies in one great golden thrill of real love which grows more sacred and makes us our bigger and better selves.

Real love does not seek to hold and possess but gives to all the whole free expanse. If love is forced it ceases to be. Freely given for its own sake it remains in the human soul forever. The love of God, once acknowledged, spreads as life broadens to all the forms of creation. Love thy neighbor as thyself and the whole world is held in sacred reverence.

The intimate, thrilling association of men and women is the most sacred exchange of human life. Real love is the consummation of the highest, finest, and best human souls have to offer each other, mentally, physically or it is not love. When people share the

best they have, no difference how simple or little, they have emerged into the realm of greatness.

The mountains, ocean, desert, and the fleeting years all speak the same language of love and creation. Marked from the bottom of the deepest canyon to the top of each stone crowned, snow-capped peak, is written in unmistakable language the story of creation. Hidden in the splashing roar of the breaker's eternal surge is distinctly marked life's sacred pathway up from the sea. The everlasting stillness, which spreads over the vastness of the desert waste marks distinctly the portals of eternity into which all life shall pass to be ground by the silence of the ages.

Grand old earth, we may love all we are capable of, and yet there is more. We may speak all the language humanity has ever made and yet the greatest glories of the world are untold. Universities, colleges, and schools follow the pathway of the life cell and mark the boundaries of human reason and there in the light of each sunrise and in the glory of every sunset, in the starting and the passing of each human life, we are face to face with the unknown.

These glorious things of life and the world—some of us call it nature, others almighty creation, and it pleases a great throng of human beings to call it God. In inherent freedom, all people should call it what they choose. The master intelligence is over all, and when we have done our best there is always more and bigger in the unknown, so spread our minds with intelligence and expand our souls with real love, and I promise you growth and expansion in the name of everlasting creation.

CONSUMMATION

That which we wish to retain from the crumbling churches and governments of the world should be definitely fixed in our minds. The work of molding primitive society and the training of the human mind to discipline made the beginning of all government possible. The opportunity to do the highest and best which people are capable of has been furnished all humanity by religions.

Hope in the midst of sorrow and discouraging circumstances has literally been poured into the generations of humanity by organized religions and religious workers. Certainty of an eternal future which the churches predict stands like a beacon light when death opens its door and shoves us into the unknown. God is man's chosen dream, always has been and always will be to the end of human time.

The primitive and savage races bowed in reverence and sacrificed with the same fervor and psychological ecstasy around their caves, campfires, and altars. Our races have built great temples and cathedrals. Popes, prophets, and the leaders of thousands of organized religions have been elevated to places of power where they became dictators and imaginary gods and representatives of gods in the human world.

If we would be happy and undisturbed we must retain from this religious chaos that which we feel personally is right and true and all the peoples of the world should be perfectly free to throw away and avoid that which is false, mockery, and untrue.

Humanity through the ages has paid the price of their choice. Men and women in America, you may take it or leave it just as you choose, and whether this great scope of religious freedom is good or bad depends

entirely upon the psychological attitudes of our minds. The glorious sunlit days are filled with opportunity to do living things among live human beings. Worthwhile acts become worth doing for the growth and expansion of the doer and the benefit and help they are to those who they are done for. Worthwhile doing alone, for the good of itself, is the test of real people through days and years. The beauty and glory of all creation is in itself enough reward for living.

When we retain the good things of the world in life and learn to read the story of creation wherein nothing is lost, only changed, in our world of eternal creation, the truth, hope, and beauty stay with us. This is what we should retain. The collection of power into unworthy hands, the mockery, and the make believe, the hideous stories of sin, hell-fire, and superstition should all be thrown away without a thought.

Schools, universities, and colleges have taught and are teaching all their students to analyze reasonably all conclusions before they are accepted as truth. Their education becomes a yardstick by which all students measure the truth contained in religions, philosophy, science, the real and the unreal, the worthwhile and the useless which they contact as they go through life. This freedom of choice and judgment has grown up through our systems of education until the fake preacher and the quack doctor has retained a very small portion in our modern life.

American people who have had the experience of religious freedom and educational liberty, study and discard without hesitation religion and education which is not true. This freedom we must retain. The whole personnel of American citizenship is justly entitled to retain this freedom. In the national life of our

United States, the freedom of the ballot insures the right of the sovereign people. At each election time, local or national, the undesirables may be taken out of public life without a hideous war. This glorious control and choice should be retained forever through religion, education and government. The sovereign people should be the tribunal to decide their human destiny and never should any one man have at his disposal the freedom and destiny of a nation or race. A well formed workable league of the United Nations of the world would still retain at the disposal of the people their own free will and sovereignty. A world wide union of nations has become and is the solution of our national and international life.

This consummation of world affairs seems far distant, but the fast moving events in Europe and Asia may force a solution sooner than we think. The League of Nations is struggling without the equipment to function. In Argentine and Peru the Pan-American League struggled in its latest session.

The consummation of human rights can emerge from the present day turmoil. In the Pan-American League and the League of Nations we have the hope of human freedom. The best the human race has produced may be retained, and the chance to grow into a worthwhile, world-wide civilization is the hope of the future presented to the youth of the world.

Grip of Native Sod

FOREWORD

The first is last, and the last is best.
We choose earth's downy couch
For glorious sleep and rest.
Eternal beauty on the wing
From earth and heaven to us their treasures fling.
Rejoice in life's glorious array
For, oh, my fellow man,—but once we pass this way—
Will it as we may,
Eternity's benediction forbids us stay.

Grip of Native Sod

To things that are we devote our best. From the anticipated we derive hope, challenge, and courage. Understanding brings to us security, satisfaction, and peace. The world's harmony is translated and interpreted by us into human language.

Earth's voice we hear in the mountains proclaiming its melody in the days and nights bound by the passing years. We capture its beauty in the songs of the brooks, in the murmur of the pine trees. We recognize the harmony of the world's voice in the gentle breezes, in the fury of the tornado's roar, the storm, and the calm. Reflected in the placid surface of the sea, hurled from the breaker's rumbling roar is the voice of the world. We hear the musical voice of creation as it spreads its generous plenty over plains, mountains, and shores. Ocean affirms and reaffirms in its eternal surge the language which makes all life kindred. The desert in its solitude speaks in its silence the language of the world more distinctly than words.

All earth's magnificence is bound by the human heart and mind. We love it. The broken skyline where great, rocky mountain peaks speak the history of creation's scope, the variations of coastline over which the breakers' roll proclaim the march of the ages in language which cannot be misunderstood. Through and through the old, gray desert's vastness float silently the songs of God, tuned by the sunrise and sunset with brilliant beauty at the beginning and end of each day. The voice of the meadows is warbled and

croaked by the feathery, slimy, and flitting family singing musically and aloud the peace of existence.

Born to our human senses in the big pages of life's book are the marks of our native sod. Mind, body, and soul are tempered by the grip of our native soil. Spoken without words, harmony beyond tone, melody more perfect than song propels each human soul through the world's experience and growth from the earth. All humanity loves best the place where he was born. That same soul thrilling "something" seems many times to be the link which binds humanity and all life with divinity.

A young man sat beside me on the Union Pacific train. His lips quivered, his eyes brightened with an unspeakable tenderness known only to those who love home and are returning after an absence. When I said to him "I guess we are still crossing the desert in Wyoming. It is like a twin sister to the wasteland in Nevada."

He answered, "Yes, this is Wyoming, but not like Nevada. I was born in Nevada. How grand it is! Sunrise, sunset, even twilight. Beyond the vastness of it all surely seems like home to me. I will be home tonight. Dear old Nevada!"

Herein is a heart throb—a halo around human life—grip of native sod.

March of ages, passing time develops us, body and soul. Into the realms of the forgotten past we are pressed relentlessly, slowly, surely. Our plans are changed, our hopes are lost in the shifting sands, prayers are said and passed. From the living and the dead, man's best is his God.

Up from the hills into the clear, blue heaven extends the pathway of men's hope. Down the moun-

tain sides spreading around the earth, desert, ocean, and plain is man's workshop, playhouse, resting place. Gripped by stupidity, laziness, and lack of capacity we wander. We are swamped in a marsh of wasted time.

The longer I have lived and the more I have seen of the struggle of men to reach the realm above, the more I'm convinced this old world rests on the shoulders of love. A love so big, and a love so broad that men have renamed it, and call it God.

Few human beings choose worthwhile pleasure. Real joy is the heritage of the soil. Useful work, truth discovered, and hypocrisy avoided would add joy to living.

To keep sane is our greatest human task. When there is enough good in religions, governments, education, and in the lives of our fellow men to overbalance the bad there is still optimistic, psychological hope for our continuation in this world's business. When the mockery and hypocrisy of churches make them distasteful and give us mental indigestion, the fallacies and incompleteness of education leave us in the yawning cavern of the unknown. Trickery and bartering of human liberty make government seem a trick. It is difficult to recognize sincerity. We are forced to one great conclusion—optimistically trust all until we are sure they are unworthy of trust. Men who discard the faults, stand alone, unafraid, unadunted, possess real character.

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When the morning's sunlight touches the mountain peaks, crowns them with golden glory, on the lower heights it spreads a benediction of beauty, lights the whole earth's surface in the glorious hope of a new

day. When our human possibilities are shattered remember there beyond the darkness, disappointment, and sorrow the world's wealth of light and glory is worth the effort of a new try. People who have lost all but the power to smile add most precious quality. Peace and contentment of creation, the procession of days, years, mountains, oceans, valleys, trees covered in the white frost of snowy winter or decked in the gorgeous garb of spring, build first and last a foundation on which our hope may return. These treasures temper the meanness of human greed. People who share become great. Our shattered hopes are fanned into life by the abundance of nature's beauty.

The place where we began life, were nurtured, and trained through our childhood experience holds the first place in our recollection. Each living, throbbing soul in all life thrills like the touch of the Irish when his shamrock, shanty, and shilalah weave into his soul and memory the grip of the Emerald Isle.

The breath of the British soil stirs to life the Englishmen who cry aloud, "The sun never sets on British soil". The brilliant color of the Union jacks add to the beauty of the British heaven. With chests expanded and bellies full of wind they cry aloud for the world to hear the glory of their home.

Bagpipes capture the melody of the Scottish moors, and mountains, highlands, glens, and clans. The dear, thrifty Scotchmen speak tenderly of their lakes and lasses, ancestral glory and vanished fame. They never forget that Scotland is their home.

In the French domain kings are gone, and the love of the soil in the hearts of the people reign. These Frenchmen boast their Revolution and express their

love of beauty in music, art, and song. Modern renaissance is matured by the French. Their reign of terror is tempered by the years. The pathway to the guillotine is dotted by sacred lilies of resurrection, and the lotus flowers of peace drop their petals of beauty into the memory of turmoil. Voltaire pointed his bony finger at the trembling monarchs, and over the decay of their thrones has risen a benediction of freedom. Victor Hugo and Louis Pasteur have plucked from the soil bouquets of melody, truth, and beauty which has tempered the meanness of the ages. The rights of man has claimed its place in the sun, stamped its mark on the sod. French Democracy brought to all humanity a bigger freedom and a better dream of God.

They capture the melody of freedom in their music. The national anthem, the Marseillaise, is divinely French. It personifies the soul of the French people and captures the melody of the soil. Louis' and their gorgeous courts are leveled in the dust. Freedom's torch was carried high by Joan of Arc. The love of France cost her her life, and today we hear her tender melody breathing through the soul of France. Napoleon's mark is on the sod. The music of his ambition stirs in the depths of the Frenchmen's heart his love of freedom and power. Ambition's fatal sting wrecks men's best. Eternal greed spoils people. 'Tis breathed truth of the earth. In the depths of the dungeon the Flowers of Freedom cover the memory and the walls of Bastille. The best of the French soul is absorbed in the shadows of the Pyrenees. The ancient treasures in the French caverns boast their lessons for the student or sage.

The music of the ages and the songs of the past carry to us the melody of the world that has gone.

Burning ships and funeral piles brighten the memory of the old kings and chiefs of the North. Northmen capture the oldest right to known human history. The quality of eternal winter tempered the breed, and marked them with the print of the soil. Here's to their memory. Bequeath to us your wisdom.

In the dim ages of the far flung forgotten past, the caucasian ancestors of the peoples of India followed their emigrant trails from the realms of the frozen north. Kissed by the tropical sun their exterior of white and frost bleached skins burned brown in the heat of the tropics. Their caucasian embryos remain unchanged. The breath of the Himalayas mingle in the souls of the peoples of India. The Hindu marks his length on the dusty ground enroute to Mecca and Ganges muddy pools. His cults, castes, and untouchables challenge their philosophy of good in it all. Magic, mystery, plenty, and poverty, hope in the philosophy of reincarnation blooms like lusty cheer, and breathes into them from the soil the spirit of India. Thou shalt not kill filters through their every night and day. The peace of the philosophical calm was broken when the first cannon's roar smashed the walls of Constantinople, and Mohammed, the son of a mule driver, pushed the barbarians North. To be a good human being with stainless thought or action stands like an epitaph over the tomb of India's past.

Kingdoms, nations, tribes, and all known peoples boast, like the Orientals, of their past glory until the flood of their mistakes tear down their dynasties, and the overwhelming decay from within strangles their future, and they are submerged in the silence of the soil. There is a stir in the East, and the turbulent billows of time are rolling men back to the dust. Their

pomp and glory is past. They must submit. 'Tis the trail of life back to the soil.

Throughout the human mixture of races, worlds, and peoples, from soul to soul our human best surges. From the turbulent tropics to the icebound poles, oh world, we watch and listen to thee and hold in our souls thy musical voice. Humble or great, educated or ignorant, humanities last and least absorbs your best.

The Eskimos tour the land of the South, but are drawn to the Arctic by the grip of ice and snow. They long for the echoing howl of the wolf. Barks and whines of their faithful dogs stir in their primitive heart love of their Arctic home. Always they return. Civilization does not hold the boundaries of the natural grip of the sod, it penetrates on through the realms of the uncultured and the unknown.

The Puritans in New England made laws, drove stakes, and built monuments to capture the freedom of the soil. They boast the freedom of Boston. They sowed the liberty seed on Bunkerhill and drew up a partnership with God. Earth's great freedom was untouched by their regulations.

Breathing through the soul of the long-haired, blue-eyed Dutch people is the love of their sod rescued from the ocean by their toil and dykes. Striving for their best, and answering the call of their God they stamped their mark on New York soil. Old, grizzly Peter Stuyvestant in his vernacular of Amsterdam cussed, and swore, and stamped his wooden leg, called to order the first assembly of the Dutch in the new world. They laid the foundation on which mother liberty now stands holding the light of freedom to humanity. There is the one colossal American lady.

She takes light meals, and when the march of the ages grinds to dust the man-made light and her steel form the music of the ages and the sunlight of glorious dawn will spread earth's freedom into the souls of men. Securely on her island she stands, lit up every night and never gets tipsy, singing the songs of freedom and breathing the melody of the ages into great, big, grand, old New York, the greatest human ornament in the world of men—roaring, humming. Ceaseless human energy rears its towers of modern Babylon into the sky line.

Peace loving souls, Quakers in Pennsylvania absorb the kindness from the soil on the spot of William Penn. Freedom grips them all. The christian intention of Fox and Penn survive. Simple, humble souls absorb hope from the primitive Quaker way. The best men know is there, where Franklin sleeps in Philadelphia's sacred sod. It grips us every one.

Over the horizons and through the valleys, caverns and mountains is definitely the music of Virginia's sacred soil. There in Virginia, colonial aristocracy keeps sacred its empty halls. Publicly and privately they have worshiped their heroes in the past, contented with the glory garb of ancestors. On their knees with heads bowed in hysterical mock worship they have stunted the growth of their modern men. Forever they boast of Virginia's native soil.

The people of the South love their native sod, poverty, isolation, swamps. West and south, like a tidal wave, spreads the glory of freedom. In the Mississippi and the Gulf are tombed the Spanish glories of the past. The Creoles love ancient New Orleans and modern mardi-gras. The old pirates and their customs lifted the mardi-gras into our lives. The great

storms and hurricanes of Florida and the Gulf are intermingled with the deluge of modern pleasure. Panic stricken and terrified we watch it mash and slash the playhouses of men. We submit helplessly to the call and pressure of nature's law. It lives in our souls and stamps us back to the sod. Andrew Jackson at Baton Rouge captured freedom and made it our own.

This same freedom lured our first Americans up the Mississippi River through the St. Lawrence until today Chicago men boast of the best and biggest in the world, and refer with pride to fire, cow, and lamp. The great cap of blue sky binds with its ribbon of truth the freedom and music of the world and its people. We thrill as did that man Denver when the first glimpse of the Rockies with their snowy peaks jetting into the blue stirred his soul with the music of earth's grandeur. The call of the mountains and the music of the plains lured Jim Bridger to be a hero of the West. He joined the trappers where they built the trail for the double streak of rust which now carries the locomotives and trains while the best men of civilization pushed westward where they met the challenge of the wilderness and planted the cornerstone of civilization as did Stanford in his glorious California where he scrambled from the dust the coveted gold. They accumulated fortunes which brought world fame. The walls of Leland Stanford University are a fitting tribute to their memory. Also they are the Western Guardians of American democracy.

Human beings thrill to their fullest capacity when they feel they are answering the call of God. The pulsing, throbbing voice of the world is interpreted as language of the creator and commandments of their maker. Brigham Young and his congregation

of Mormon people penetrated the heart of the desert waste, and little by little built an inland empire of which the Mormons and all civilized world are so proud. Sincerely these reverent souls interpret the thought of God into their own language. They feel that they are directed in dispensing Almighty God's best to the rest of the world. Sincerety is our most magnificent heritage in religion and government. Thinking and believing that a religion or philosophy is true does not make it so.

The lure of gold brought Coronado boastfully proclaiming Spanish sincerety at Santa Fe. The breath of the flowers, the music of the everglades brought Ponce de Leon to his fountain of youth in the Florida Land where he drank as we all will drink and bathed as we all will bathe in the renewal of eternity. Men leave their footprints on the sand of time to be erased by the gliding ages. Ezra Meeker plodded faithfully with his yoke of bulls. He marked and re-marked the unbroken wilderness. He marched to the music of creation's song while the same lure brought Canooks to their Canada. They stirred with divine call to lift their dominion over all. They sang and still sing, "God Save the King."

In the hearts of all men the first place is held by the grip of native sod, and their best efforts have been produced when they have felt they were serving their God. Things that are and were link back to the place where life began.

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Millions of people are waiting for anything to happen or for someone to do something for them. Humanity has grown to be a race of dependents, and lack the hermit souls to blaze new trails. The turmoil

is appalling, and the wait for equality will be a long one.

The birds awake when morning comes, sing their songs, and begin their search for food. When the season's time is right they spread their wings and sail to the southland to avoid the starvation of winter. Human beings are not so wise as these uninstructed creatures. Year after year to their nesting place they return, gliding to the music of song.

Salmon and shad tour the ocean through a lifetime of turbulent storm. Quietly, without call, when their time is spent, they noiselessly glide back to the place where they were spawned and end life in instinct's grip of native waters. Hundreds of thousands of little, black seals make the trip each year, thousands of miles through the ocean, without a compass, to the place where they were born.

Like all natural things human beings still respond to nature's law or pay the penalty. Human wisdom clouds their reason, and around great centers known as cities, human beings cluster, and breed a race of inferior men.

These straight backed human beings we delight so much to see dwell in the far places gripped by the love of the desert, mountains, or plains. There, undisturbed, he grows strong. In the history of the past these giants have found their way into civilization. Invariably they lift the clouds and carry to the salvation of human beings strength of their native sod.

Civilization of various periods has cried aloud for manhood and womanhood—a Christ, a Buddha, a Mohammed, a Cromwell, a Moses, a Lincoln, or a Washington. We hear the echo of the same call today as

in all ages past. Quibbling, greed, and mockery have stunted the growth of our modern men.

The difficulties people must overcome make them strong if they will do it. Christianity like all other religions is perpetuated by the struggles of its beginning. Men, like causes, gather strength as they struggle for a place in the sun.

When we must change our course and leave our present occupations or pet notions there is usually an awakening. Physical or mental defects forces men from their usual situation, changes their work, quickens their wits, and brings into play many hitherto unused faculties. Breathed into us by our ancestors and native sod is the ambition to do our best until we die. Any human being can quit by the use of a needle or the pull of a trigger. Success and pleasure in life are not found by slipping out of the back door or ending life by jumping from a window in the high story of a hotel. It takes real work to build useful lives, character which can endure. Any scrub can tear down a precious structure.

Accidents or incidents may change nations or lives. We are shuffled into the niche where we can do most good by circumstance, great teachers, or just plain men and women, rarely by the provision of creation, God, or pressure of native sod. Man's knowledge, judgment, and education form his personal opinion, and guides him best and most once he is started on his way.

Each human being was made for a purpose. Find something real we love to do. What can we do is the challenge flung from the heavens and the earth into all our lives. The optimistic souls of real men point the way. Man is a grown up animal. Best men are

good animals. Let him do something he is proud to do and he gets bigger every time he does it, or if he does things that he is ashamed to do he will get smaller. The human being who sneaks becomes smaller and smaller. His soul finally shrivels until there is no place in earth, heaven, or hell small enough for him.

There is a right way and a wrong way to solve each human problem. The majority of men and women, when they see a human being trying his best, are glad to lend a friendly hand. Real help is that which gives men or women work they are proud to do. We all have an inherent longing to do things worthwhile. Most men can do one good piece of work. People who really succeed are the ones who can do their best every time.

It is quite easy to do something we see someone else doing, or to follow as we are told, but to coin a new idea or compose something of our own which we have not borrowed or been told about is a real task. Our accomplishments, joys, and appreciations are bounded by the scope of our intelligence. Stirrs there a soul in all this universe with understanding so dull that beautiful days, glorious nights, and the vast magnificence of it all are unseen and unappreciated?

Growth, or human intelligence, makes life worthwhile and opens men's souls to the opportunities and glories of creation. The greatest human calamity is lack of capacity. Master Intelligence opens the portals of eternity, and calls the open human mind to endless change in the music of the voice of the world.

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Would You Live It Again?

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Would You Live It Again?

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We interpret our lives as our intelligence and understanding will permit. The world's grandeur is apportioned to us by our ability to comprehend.

Sun dogs barked their message of early winter and bitter cold from either side of the setting sun. The first white day of winter was settling into ghostly stillness. The course of the river was designated at the foot of the low hills by a line of fine mist. Small, furry things, birds included, hustled for a secure hiding place from the screech-owl, wandering coyotes, and lone wolves. A black cow and a poor shivering pony waited at the barn door for shelter from the night. Grey-purple sage nodded in the rising wind like a congregation of witches who were discussing the approach of a mysterious happening. The light of a coal-oil lamp wavered, flickered, and definitely marked the square window in the shanty where approaching night had forced the human occupants to also seek shelter.

The rapid clatter of a pony's hoofs galloping on the frozen ground was a signal for the anxious family to gather in the open door-way with an unspoken welcome to the approaching messenger. "The doctor will be here soon," he said as he entered the house.

Little rocks and frozen bits of snow pelted on the doors and windows rattling down the sides of the shanty as that night of nights burst into real fury. The echo of the tempest surged through the hearts of those who waited in that lonely shanty while a young-



ster was born. Thus humanity demands its price at the beginning and end of life.

Doctors, medicine, and convenience were so conspicuously absent in times of emergency and necessity that the pioneers and early settlers of young America were quite accustomed to manage as they knew best. From the rock-bound coasts of New England these persevering, insistent souls worked their way westward, over the hills and into the lands of promise. They fought Indians, built homes, made farms, raised youngsters, and laid the foundation of the United States—bequeathed to us their generous blessing.

Life is very similar in the thousands of frontier shanties, dug-outs, sod-houses, wickiups, and the more pretentious log-cabin. Much strength and character is required for people to be happy in a primitive dwelling. Dangers, hardships, Indians, wild animals surge into and out of the domestic lives of these invincibles. Little children grow healthy and strong; weaklings die; youths grow to be strong men; pretty maidens become dauntless mothers.

Doubts, fears, and "bugger-boos" which disturb, frighten, and disconcert most grown-ups are really hang-overs from childhood. Ghosts, goblins, and supernatural "god stories" have creased and crumbled the brains of children and immature adult minds until much of our human behaviour is actuated by false ideas and misleading information. The "divine right" of kings who rule the people in the name of Almighty God has embarrassed and distressed the human race since the first feudal lord gathered the notion that, as a representative of divinity in the world, he could think no wrong, do no wrong, because his thoughts and actions represented the will of the Almighty.

Kings, popes, "puddin-heads", and preachers have polluted history with intolerable, over-bearing bigotry. This "divine right" has never prospered on the American continents. No nation, no country, no individual can ever know the real heritage of freedom until they are allowed to choose their government, religion, and chosen life's work.

Waves of political and religious sentiment have splashed and rolled from coast to coast like a turbulent sea of human emotion. Long before the Revolutionary days the pilgrims and church dignitaries plunged our political and church affairs into such a turmoil that no one was sure who was right or wrong. No one sect or creed has ever remained strong enough in the United States to force their rules or dogma permanently upon the freedom loving Americans who were born in the shanties surrounded by sagebrush. Freedom is our heritage, and we glory in it. Every real, live American, man or woman, thrills to the challenge of the tomorrows.

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One eleven year old boy, who had been forbidden the use of a shot gun and rifle under the penalty of parental wrath, razor strap, and blisters to sit on, was astonished to see his mother coming from the milk cellar, black eyes popping. "Wish I were a man. I would get that cream thief that is stealing my cream."

In our young lives a good excuse to disobey is a real opportunity. This eleven year old boy was glad to say as mother passed, "Mother, I am not a man, but I'll try." The old, double-barrelled shot-gun, powder, shot, and big brass cartridges were secretly carried around the corner of the log cabin.

Between the unchinked logs the light of a coal-oil

lamp flickered. Darkness was slowly covering earth's grandeur with one more black night. A family of ten bowed their heads over the supper table while father said grace. One empty chair was unnoticed. A small black object was moving in the gathering gloom nearer and nearer the cream cellar. As if by magic the old shot-gun was balanced over a corner log, and through the gloom was pointed straight at the cream thief. Two anxious fingers clutched the triggers, and now as the flash returns in memory, it seemed like the whole world caught fire and came to an end with a bang. Earthquakes and thunder terrify and frighten us. If any reader would like to try something worse, pull both triggers of a double-barrelled shot-gun while father is finishing evening prayer.

Consciousness returned when the boy stopped rolling across the backyard. That blessed coal-oil lamp reflected father's image through the window as he arose majestically from the old arm chair, razor strap clutched firmly. With all the fury that a dad can know he propelled himself hurriedly through the back door. Returning breath; yelping, howling cream thief racing through the fields; father with the razor strap vividly brought the realization that it was the boy's move. The family followed father into the back yard where they rescued the shot-gun and his hat, but the boy was gone. When the excited family clattered through the open backdoor the culprit hurried in the dark, entered the front door, and came to rest comfortably in the far corner of the front room, hidden securely under mother's and dad's bed. Calls, threats, and diligent hunting by the whole crowd failed to produce. Barns, neighbor's houses were searched. The whole community was in an uproar. After they in-

telligently decided to go to bed one small boy crept from his hiding place to his own cot directly in front of the cream cellar.

When sleepy eyes had closed mother opened the back door, and pulled down the covers of the boy's bed "Where have you been? Why did you shoot that dog? Oh, if you could only be a good boy like Willie."

When she was completely out of breath with questions and threats, "Did I hear you say you wished you were a man and could get that cream thief?" he answered.

"Was that why you shot that dog?" She straightened, and he saw her mouth shut like a steel trap. Her big, black eyes looked like two stars in the night. Despite threats of sheriff, and the tinker's dog being his only companion, the boy knew he was forgiven.

The experience of boys in ranch life is very much the same. Fishing poles, rifles, shot-guns, horses, dogs, barns, and machinery—these were the days when we were young. I would not like to drive the old ox-team again, nor would I like to go back to the shanty in the prairie.

When we arrive at the age when our choice is our own, often we are annoyed, sometimes we think retarded by parental, religious, educational rules. Often our loving guardians say, "my children could not do that," when they mean they would not let them try.

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Natural boys are untrained savages. Terry was dad's cow, one crumpled horn, yellow and white spots, heels that rattled like the toes of Jack Frost. This cow must be grained, curried, and in the barn before sundown. Poor? Yes, poorer than the poorest. She was

being fattened for beef; was to be killed to save her life. The damned old critter, I wish she would die! Orders came out of a clear, crisp, evening sky, "Get Terry into the barn!" Orders were orders though the snow was deep and the weather cold!

The boy marched sullenly through the back yard, deep snow, and climbed lazily over a high-board fence. Is it fate or circumstances that at times there is provided an opportunity for that wish we like best? Religious folks call it answering of prayers, lumber jacks and miners "good luck". When the boy dropped on the sunny side of the high board fence an empty five gallon oil can with a piece of wire conveniently attached to the handle seemed as if it had been made and put there to fasten to Terry's tail. A handful of small pebbles to rattle and behold by all the glories! There stood Terry with her tail through the gate on the other side of the feed yard. Gods and angels may present opportunities, but this one was perfect. Can, Terry's tail, twisted wire, and one good bump on her heels and she circled the feed yard like a flying comet. Can rising as high as the tail would allow; everything that could ran as fast as possible. Out of the feed yard, up the village main street went horses, cattle, calves, and cows—a hundred and fifty strong. The general stampede was on, and Terry came also doing her best behind the herd. Rattely-Bang! Until she arrived at father's gate and on into her own barnyard. The pet, fat, well-cared for, sleek old horses were frightened until they thought they were colts again. The old hitherto slow cows returned immediately to their racing days. As Terry approached with the can fastened securely on her tail the second stampede was under way in all its fury. Everything on the ranch that

could ran to the bottom of the field at the time they should have been securely lodged in their cozy barn. Father's parental wrath was most perfect to behold! Wide eyed, furious, he scanned the horizon and neighboring fields, but not a sound broke the stillness. No one was in sight to be blamed. This innocent boy watched from his side of the fence the masterful demonstration of Terry and the can. Chances were better he knew if he returned immediately. He dropped into the snow and retraced his foot prints to where father was watching the disappearing herds in consternation with his stirred up wrath ready to take revenge on the first object possible.

"Did you put that can on Terry's tail?"

"I haven't seen Terry." Mentally the reservation was made in the boy's mind, she was standing on the other side of the gate post and I couldn't see her. Like a thunderbolt his wrath was poured out. "Some of those damned hired men over there, I guess." In ones and twos the scattered family of stock returned to the peace and quiet of their yards and barns.

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Life lasting are some of the impressions and pictures printed in our brain by association and circumstances in which we live. Our environment makes us largely what we are. Schools and colleges develop the material sent them by society. A normal man or woman usually finishes bigger, a weakling weaker. Fools or smart alecks usually become more fully developed. A fish is just as good as the water he swims in. 'Tis the same with people.

Credit is due the one roomed school house and the people who started there. The great centers and big

cities of today grew around the school house and the church of the primitive days when the United States was young. So I think it may go back to the dawn of man's civilization, around the church and the school-house have grown their best ideas, and as poor as they sometimes are they give both men and women an opportunity to do that which they think is best.

Adoring ancestors often love to provide privileges and gifts for their favorites. Minnie, the pretty bay mare, the fastest on the ranch and in the neighborhood, was inherited by the eldest grandson. Proper care and special attention must always be Minnie's portion. To ride her was a special privilege granted only to those who could be watched or trusted. Trips to the pasture were nice exercise for Minnie. The rider always specially warned, "Don't run Minnie!" Temptation, then tragedy. A long, green willow was the temptation and Minnie's desire to run, the tragedy. Down the pasture lane, straight for a mile, and when her pretty head was turned toward home the urge of that stinging, green willow sent her plunging at top speed down the lane. The faster she ran the more willow she received until she quivered in the effort to go faster. To stop her was more than our young hopeful had bargained. It was fun to see how fast she could go. Holding and pulling with all his strength he hoped she would stop before the parental harmony was disturbed. One last supreme effort, Minnie jumped the track. Her front feet tangled with an old plow. She turned two sommersaults. From somewhere down the road the would-be jockey picked himself out of the dirt, skinned, and bruised, but not seriously hurt. Before Minnie could rise, he clutched the bridle-reign, and observed an ugly hole, the mark of the plow

upon her head. Stitches were taken and special care for many weeks, but the only explanation that could possibly be obtained was that Minnie fell over the plow.

Wrangling cattle, mountain climbing, guns, fish-poles, traps added amusement and danger. Trout, deer, duck, and antelope were only a few of the coveted treasures sought in the dawn and twilight of many days. A gorgeous holiday was reserved for hunting and fishing.

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Our past success brings hope and inspiration into our lives which makes us wish to try again. Shadows from the disappointments and sadness arouse our self-sympathy and many of us wonder why misfortune should be our portion.

School-days, grammar, and arithmetic, farm-work, ranching and cow hunting each exacting their penalty and reward until ambitions lofty sting opens the doors of universities and rings in the age of seventeen. Ye gods, worlds to trample on, and dreams of high and lofty things make all the past and the home-folks seem so small. Ancestors and parents are dimmed as lesser things. Sweethearts grand and fair push young men's hopes high above the world and circle into thin air. The gods are only little things. Sweethearts and schools are incidentally acquired as young men climb from glorious to grander dreams each day. Clouds flit like fantastic phantoms and all the world's real things to boys are not just what they seem.

The first sweetheart fades like the melody of a forgotten song. He thought he would die the day she went with another man and left him sitting in the sleigh. The fact that other fellows girls went too gave

him courage to live it through. Days followed that seemed like an eternity. Soon another sweetheart, fairer than the first came along. So it is through life. If we can live another day and hold our conscious balance bigger, better things will become possible. To live it through—the first is gone, but the last is best.

We call to judgment the past, future, and present to be sifted by the wisdom of seventeen year old minds, and lo, the whole world and its wisdom is found wanting in the glorious judgment of their reason. Education will broaden and brighten our understanding. Schools, then colleges, and on down the Great Highway where life puts on its sparkling show, we march, and take the double quick when circumstances set the pace too slow.

Our world demands new and better things. Flashes by wireless, and palaces that whirr on wings. Our human story is growing bigger, and our experience build for finer things. The old schools and churches are like the farms and towns of long ago. They were a real beginning. Now they have grown too slow. The trains of streamline grace, the busses and automobiles have spoiled our covered wagons and thoroughbred horses pace. We must go on. Educationally and socially we are going faster until science and psychology rates our speed. Shall we hold it so and keep pace with all the best? Do we love to live it and long for bigger and finer dreams? Does it mean the thrill that drives us on or do the shadows push us back until we wish the good old days were here again? It is dangerous to be left behind the procession of progress.

The hope which makes us carry on is gathered from the uncertainty of the days and years as we go

along. Each last sunny day is more grand because those which have gone before are past and their uncertainty lost. The mystery and the shadows make each last night more gorgeous and real than all its predecessors.

Our first contact with life is but a wriggling, kicking helpless chaos. Our first experiences seem small and are not remembered. Later our grand success is our last achievement. The commencement, graduation, and the sheepskin of college mark the last day distinctly as best, and how much bigger and finer the last days of life really are. Normally we learn to live more happily, our understanding broadens, and we become more intelligent in the maturity of our lives. From the depths of ugliness we observe the possibilities of beauty. In chaos and confusion we perfect in our minds harmony and order. From the rough, unhewn block of marble the sculptor pictures his statue of perfection. In the bleak, black night of storm and blizzard we transport ourselves mentally into the sunshine and beauty of a perfect day. From the torment of poverty we dream ourselves into the ease and comfort of riches. From the anemic torment of disease and bad health we mentally transport ourselves into robust health and physical perfection. From orthodox hell we are lured by the beauty and rewards of heaven. From the torment and injustice of tyranny and bad government we transport ourselves into a world of truth, beauty, and freedom.

I think sincerely, the last is best. Herein is perhaps justified the thought of eternity, a continuation of pleasant things that lure us into hopes and dreams though fantastic and unreal. It holds the challenge would you if you could, live it again?

We envy the brilliant student who tosses away his studies with seemingly no effort at all, the brilliant mind that comprehends and without effort seems to forge ahead. We who have studied and worked, envy the brilliant, but life and philosophy are marked more deeply by the plodding mind. The human being who has to work for what he gets retains it when it is once acquired. The knowledge, fact, and success that is worked for does not usually slip away. The tantalizing unknown lure us forever from the depths of tragedy's pit. We observe the setting sun and behold the rising stars as bright spots of hope through the shadows of black night. Ambitious souls, though dull and stupid, refuse the plodder's trail, and wipe with the kerchief of labor from their brow the stamp of mediocrity. Hope of better days has turned the faces of men and women from the clod to eternity and God.

Organized religions have brought people the satisfaction of feeling that they are right. Sincerely believing that a thing is right or best does not make it so. Science and education have broadened and made bigger the human mind.

Tragedy stalks abroad, spoils our plans in an instant, overnight, in any day. Often we must reconstruct our whole future. These sudden, terrific changes spoil our present and add a challenge to the future. Eternal darkness or a crippled body add quality to our memory of the perfection of beautiful things and a keen satisfaction when we do our best as we are. To sacrifice the things which we want most, cheerfully, without becoming bitter and morose is, I think, the most desirable quality and growth-giving development that a human being can know.

Beneath the exterior we observe the hundreds of

thousands marching day after day along the highway of uncelebrated human tragedy. In the depths of their struggle, we observe real human tragedy where good is done for the sake of doing good, help is given for the satisfaction of helping, work and quality are shared to bring growth to the lesser one, people study for the joy of knowing. These are the markers of quality along life's highway. The slums and filth we pass only mark the way more clearly. They guide us to better things. Quality needs no praise or booster to boost. It is the greatest monument of human culture.

Generosity in modern times means a life's work voluntarily given to human service. Many people have given their lives to provide what we have, politically, socially, and religiously.

As we get further away from school and college days details fade, tempests of religious fervor subside, and the thrill of accumulation makes money gathering a past time. As we stretch wearily on a hospital cot and count the last and best which we have attained and retained from the wrecks and struggles of everyday our sense of value becomes real. To lose that which we can regain is a temporary loss, but that which we cannot repossess is a real loss. The thunder storms of life pop and snap as they come roaring into our existence. We are hurled as wreckage. Our pet theories and pleasant plans ruined, bodies maimed. Like a meteor hurled from the blue the vibration and roar of the impact leaves us gasping for breath, grasping for remaining resources.

Under the pine trees, the lonely mountain trail, in a railroad yard, a battlefield, or on the rocking deck of a battleship—on these and thousands of other places, we meet the tragedy which knocks us down, and the

rescue forces try their best to bring us back again, but in the last analysis, after the portals of eternity have thrown us back into life, we must fight our own battle, psychologically and physically.

The first mad scramble after broken bones and maimed bodies, begins when consciousness flickers through the wreckage. To independent, courageous souls, the loss of personal freedom and action is first felt when we have to be helped through the darkness, or to accomplish personal, intimate service. After the first rescue is accomplished intimate friends step aside. Their portion finished and their hearts broken, nurses, doctors, hospitals pick up the scattered threads of physical and mental resource, patch them together, and try sincerely to make a wrecked human being feel that he is no longer wreckage, but fit and fine when some of his best equipment is gone forever.

Mental and physical torture is often eased by our medical friends. We refuse the pity, approval, or ridicule of the mob. Once we were physically perfect, but after amputations and operations throughout our span of human life there will be something gone. Human beings love to see a good struggle or a fight. They will applaud justly or unjustly without knowing whether they are right or wrong, and criticism is thrown like soot balls with or without provocation. The crippled or maimed man or woman is discounted by his fellowmen before life's competition begins. Wolves in a pack eat the wounded one. The old Spartan killed the crippled and the weak ones before they had time to suffer. I think they were kind.

A superhuman struggle to regain physical or mental independence is often the turning point in our lives. The physical or mental struggle becomes worth doing

like a wager or a test, and the approval or the disapproval of people makes no material difference. Popular approval is often a blight to the accomplishment of the sincere, beautiful things. Our struggles are our own. No difference where or in what condition we struggle other people may help but they cannot struggle for us. We must do it ourselves. We fail or succeed, we work or choose leisure, sorrow or rejoice, feast or starve, and no one can do these things for us.

In the great variety of life's treasures we choose our portion. All human beings interpret, approve, or disapprove as their education and knowledge dictates.

Most of us feel sincerely that our joys are the best, and our sorrows and disappointments the worst. The pleasant experience we would welcome again but the wrecks, torture, disappointments, human struggles that hurt, come to us unbidden, and we would avoid them if possible. Ignorance or voluntary misjudgment forces us to take experience which is most unpleasant. Can we retain the quality of sweetness born into the human soul by hopeless torture? Here is real quality that is forced upon us. Some call it destiny, others fate, divine will. We all, in the last analysis, must surrender our human freedom and submit to death, and when this door at the end of life is closed or closing, is there a thrill in the quality of rough experience which tempts us to live it again?

For courageous, inquiring souls life's realities are most perfect, and we submit with implicit trust in the Ultimate Goodness of all our human experience. Whether our life is more beneficial planned in every detail by the supervision of superior intelligence of teachers in schools, colleges, and churches is a question we must decide. After education has added its por-

tion we must enter the portals of experience. Whether we succeed or fail we must take our portion of life's happiness or sorrow. We do not get the experience of the future before living it. We may talk about superior, human experience, but to know the greatest and best we must live with it and through it. The test of mature manhood and womanhood is, are we strong enough to maintain ourselves, financially, mentally, physically? The last, great final test—can we live alone? Until we can manage ourselves we have no business instructing others. If we cannot add improvement, we legitimately have nothing to say.

* * * * *

The world's opportunities of life and beauty were so heavy that the family tree was broken and the waves of glorious accomplishment submerged this lad of seventeen. Our romantic youth with poetic whiskers budding on his chin expressed in profane and profound language, astonishing and startling his listeners, his firm determination to scale the heights where the knowledge of men marked the pathway of progress. The portals of universities were passed like milestones on a speeding train, and young man's conclusions were superior to all else in the known world. Religions, philosophies, political science, and governments were all tried before the judgment of this seventeen year old mind and were found wanting.

We have known the thrills of young ambition's whirling flight, discoveries made. The impossible obtained by those who did not know it could not be done.

From school to school until he should know what men do at their biggest schools. It will cost a hundred thousand. This was small. Death or knowledge was

his decision when he left the ranch and the farm behind to contact students, teachers, and human theories, standards of education. Commercial and scientific education were jumbled into a confused heap with religion and association of teachers and friends until the high purpose and distant goal of man's greatest knowledge was intermittently lost.

Money gathering to pay necessities added delays and confusion to the high purpose of education. Rich mines provided the best opportunity for ready cash. A box of dynamite caps was overheated in the sun. A sudden bump of these caps between his hands changed the future and spoiled his plans with a roar. In the brilliant light of a glorious day he plunged into everlasting darkness, and in that shadowy realm he could distinctly feel his life dripping and oozing away. Hoping that it would end and fearing that it would, brought the realization life had been worthwhile, and beautiful things in the world would live in memory or be sunk in oblivion forever.

Staggering up the crooked trail through the bloody, dizzy, whirl, he found the cabin door was a welcome prop, the bunk a heavenly place. Bandages tied by inexperienced hands did more harm than good. Broken hands and blinded eyes, and other wounds too numerous to mention blended in one long day of waiting where blood, nausea, hope, and fear surged wildly, where common sense trickled away into night mares, turmoil, and confusion. Near sounds seemed far away. Familiar feelings became hideous buggerboo and torment. Common sense and reason were gone. Excruciating thirst and the ache of swelling, broken hands, stinging bursting head and face strangled all human sense. Filmy shadow of delirium like an anaesthetic

eased our ambitious youth through the incomprehensible loss of hands and eyes, health, money, and resources. From mid-day until the end of life the struggle will go madly on.

A bouncing stone, loosened by a horse's hoof, whirled past the cabin and announced in unmistakable language the arrival of friends and doctor. "Are you still conscious?" floated into his understanding as the cabin door was shoved open. "Here is the doctor".

"My boy, you are badly smashed," he observed.

"I know all about it. I have been here all day, and if you can do anything for me, please hurry. I have stayed as long as I can." This was a mental answer. Whether it was spoken made no difference.

Our waterloo or defeat robs us of our choice, and our destiny is molded by circumstances and people beyond our control. Man's trust in his God brings him hope and consolation when his human resources fail.

New bandages replaced the instruments of torture. Shots of morphine with a hypodermic needle soon completed the delirium, and the filmy shadow of artificial gloom eased the whole hideous world of human reality.

Thirst, aching body, and bursting head made the journey down the mountain side on a stretcher a relief; the change was a rest. The cool, fresh air, a drink of cold water, and the rocking motion of being carried lulled this lad into semi-consciousness.

A ride in the wagon from the end of the trail to the depot brought a jumbled delirium of cliffs, burroughs, mines, and hopes left scattered permiscuously over Nebo's lonely hillside, and these were never to be reassembled. On the floor of the baggage car the

night-mare continued. Brakes grinding, engines screaming, continual bumps, jerks, and stops blurred into an exhausting finish as blessed unconsciousness closed his understanding to the torment of the curious, human, blanket raising spectators who thronged the depot and surged against the hospital doors. Unknowingly people transformed their kindness into hideous abuse. How often in life do the best intentions miss their mark and become torment.

A terrific shaking and the familiar voice of the old family doctor penetrated the night-mare, "Do you have any choice in who uses these knives?"

"Go ahead, doctor. I am sure you cannot make me worse. Remember one thing. Do not let me wake up ever. Let this be the end."

"Smell this. Take a long deep breath and play that you are going to sleep," was the doctor's only reply.

The anaesthetic mask, with the ether filtering through, smothered and choked the lad into unconsciousness. The familiar whirling or going around sensation was, I think, the usual finish with all poorly administered anaesthetics.

Two doctors worked leisurely, cutting the remainder of his broken hands completely off. When physical and mental exhaustion drops us into blessed oblivion, whether it is drugs, anaesthetic, or the kindness of being simply unconscious, it is like a benediction. Days and nights slipped entirely out of his human calculation. Night-mares and hideous, bloody torture were transformed into the most perfect rest human beings can know. Peace of the ages blended with the harmonies of eternity. Melody harmonized perfectly through it all. Beauty blended in colors of

unknown vegetation and places. He moved from place to place without walking. Beings were there. They did not seem human. Clothes were not cloth; They understood without speaking words.

In our human life we are seldom satisfied, if ever. We want something more. To do the different things, walk, talk, eat, sleep, read, write, or amuse ourselves, these desires were all gone, and he knew only the supplicating wish which was almost a prayer for the continuation of the unbroken peaceful harmony, ordinarily unknown to people. Was it a taste of another life, a peaceful entrance through the portals of the unknown? Doctors said drugs, ether, loss of blood! Ether many times, but no experience in the life of this young man can match those unconscious days and nights.

Doctors, mines, nurses, schools, colleges, eyes, hands, and human intelligence were no more. Sweethearts, ambition, play and sunshine and glory of everyday were all forgotten. The thought of Divine Protection, guardian angels, God, reward reaping, all were torment. Should the choice come to live it again these few days of oblivion would be chosen above all.

To those who really suffer is dispensed a quality beyond human understanding. Real suffering, real effort, real work bring an answer through the human world of experience and accomplishment. Quality is not lost, suffering is not wasted. Through the even handed justice of creation humanity grows bigger and better. We may change form, but in the sifting process, all we ever were we still are. Humanity's Gods are mostly a sacred dream, but the Master Intelligence remains supreme dispensing to all creation its allotted portion of life and death. To carry on is our portion,

and the strange, unknown part of it all is that our experience of life and its struggles, no difference how difficult, are worth doing for the quality they bring.

We have all awakened after a hideous dream with a prayer of thankfulness that it was simply an illusion. Some thought like this comes into our minds as blessed sunshine and consciousness brings us home, back to familiar surroundings. This was not a dream. Everything was black as ink. Nurses were talking; hands were gone; every cent in the world had disappeared. This was real.

Heart throbs forced the fever heated blood slopping and squirting uncomfortably through his veins. After a head massage the doctor said, "He will live now." The explosion on the mountain, the day in the cabin, the trip, and the torture came trooping like spectres when consciousness returned. We all are sure that our struggles are the most difficult. To live them again would be our last wish, but if we are forced to, and can do it, without being crushed, there is acquired a growth seldom known to mortals. To smile and return to good humor when we are being hurt physically and mentally is a mark of rare quality. We rebel, kick, swear, and squak, but our portion is our own, and we finally face the reality to do the best we know—earn a respectable living and help change this old world into a better place to live.

To earn a living is our vital concern. Real Americans, must have plenty. We are not our best when living equipment is scarce. Luxuries are to the American an expected necessity. Two or three lean years urge most Americans into their best efforts and swiftest pace or into a sudden finish.

Few friends and visitors were allowed at the hos-

pital. The first six weeks was his longest time. Doctors and nurses probed for caps, and between the periods of torture all known plans for education and work were discarded as useless. Humanities trash heap where cripples and wrecked human beings struggle seemed his only portion. To eat, wash, dress himself, and bathe were difficulties to be reckoned with. Well meaning friends and associates proffered help and sympathy, but no human assistance could lift the curtain of darkness, and the superhuman quality of prayers were wasted. Tears and regrets became a babble of silly torture. Secret regrets because he must live on were whispered by intimates, and shared by the listener. Thoughts of death lost their sting. He would welcome the end of life. Doors of universities and colleges were closed to a blind and handless man. Work he had known how to do he could never do again. Known resources, independence, sweetheart, homefolks went their way.

Scattered fragments of personal independence were slowly reassembled. To dress, walk, wash, bathe, and feed himself under all circumstances without hands or eyes were his first acquisition. Byron W. King of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, gave a lecture, "Eyes That See Not, Ears That Hear Not." His opening words are a guiding light. "Almighty God created every human being for a purpose. We were all made to do something. Ladies and gentlemen, if we have not found clean, honest, Christian work to do, we have missed the object of our creation and Almighty God may forget us."

King took both handless arms in his hands and answered the boy's question, "What can I do?"

"Why don't you speak or sing?"

"I do not know how. You said we are all made to do something, and I am only half a man now."

"Come to my hotel early in the morning, and I will begin teaching you how to speak or sing." Through the early struggles and many years after, King did teach him how to speak.

In the early hours of the next morning darkness of hopeless despair was pierced when that first great teacher said, "I want you to memorize, first, last, and forever. You memorize the world's greatest literature, and I will teach you how to interpret it. This I am sure is the job for which you were created. Blind Homer chanted, composed, and wrote the world's first great poetry, and here is hoping you can do as well."

A light of hope flickered into the darkness. A great teacher had shown a student how to work. Confucious, Christ, Mohammed, and the innumerable other master teachers simply pointed the way. When teachers do this they are instructors. Dramatic readings and interpretations of some of the world's choicest literature followed through seven years of laborious training, and with the acquisition of some of the great classics came a love of the work which enriched his soul more than all previous human experience and brought with it a longing to capture the beauty and quality of the universe.

Student assemblies, institutes, churches, and universities were glad to pay him, and from these came his first resources. Big, round American dollars once more jingled in his pocket, and with them the assurance that he could earn a living. It is not difficult to read and interpret a memorized poem, nor to do something that you have watched somebody do. If some-

one can teach us how to do things, 'tis very simple, but when we must solve our own problems, think for ourselves, and deliver thought and material which we have not borrowed—here is our biggest task.

The problems of childhood and early life which seemed so perplexing were made resources when they were understood. We salvage from life's experience incidents and people which and who help us to be real. In this world of treasure, beauty, truth—what shall we salvage to keep for our own?

Love spreads a magnificent glow through the lives and experience of all human beings, and we retain gladly the memories and teachings of all the world's great lovers. Normal, well-balanced, human beings must and should love everything. Work we love to do obliterates drudgery. If we will do what we love to do best life is one long procession of holidays. Objects and persons whom we sincerely love may disappear, but the love we have for them never does.

Days, nights, the four seasons with their gorgeous parade, leaves in our minds a quality of love and beauty which never fades. Billows of disappointment roll into oblivion. Human tragedy smash us and spoil our plans, but the unblemished quality of human character enlightened by the implicit trust in the goodness and eternal purpose of supreme love brings us to a toleration and makes us endure the everlasting struggle to which all human beings are subjected. We call from the depths of human extremities to the supernatural which men have named their god. 'Tis only real love in the human soul rechristened.

The best which has survived in the history of primitive races are the things they loved most sincerely. Their music, religions, and different degrees of civili-

zation designate definitely our heritage from the vanished races of known men. The most humble and simple forms of love have endured through the ages. The brotherhood of man is the perpetuation of the love human beings have felt for each other throughout the known world. "Love thy neighbor as thyself" speaks the real quality of religion and education of our day as plain and clearly as it expressed love and quality of the past. Let us turn back the pages of our memory, mark the things we care to keep from childhood's earliest recollections to where we are now situated. In this war torn world all we have to keep as our own are the things we love. Consequently we go on our bended knees, bow our heads while we worship the places and people we have loved. Those who have helped us we hold as a shrine. The help of homefolks who silently toil speaks a sacred love more distinctly than words for we who receive the benefits of their devotion. Each of our teachers have a quality of their own, and when a sincere heart throb is in their work each of their students absorb and pass on their portion of love.

King and the teachers in the School of Oratory in Pittsburgh were as a sacred gift in a holy place dispensing their best ideas to students who needed them most. Thirty-three thousand in the defective speech department were taught how to talk correctly.

Nature's generous, extravagant bounty is not evenly distributed to people nor places. The variation is astonishing and appalling. The rich, productive places are so generously provided with good things, and the poor, barren spots are so desolate. So it is through human life. We human beings wonder why. The western slopes of the Sierras afford the most per-

fect illustration of the world's generous goodies. Big mountains, vast incalculable valleys, huge, generous streams of moisture are eternally flowing into the coffers of the human storehouse. Big things in a big way are spread most abundantly through Western United States. There on either side of the Golden Gate are two great western guardians of American democracy, Leland Stanford University at Palo Alto and the University of California at Berkley.

The old, Oriental civilization surges across the Pacific, and the newer, younger civilization of the Americas surges in from the Eastern Shores. The old and the new are face to face. They mingle the crumbling past with the energetic ambitions of the future. In the known history of man the intermingling of peoples, customs and education have always produced a superior race mentally and physically. A procession of mental giants should march into the future from our American mixture.

The teachers at Stanford, Harvard, and Columbia Universities are more free to speak the truth than any places I have ever known. Superstition and buggerboos are wiped away like cobwebs, and the students have a chance to see the religious and economic world as it is. The real purposes of humanity can be served best when people know the truth. The precedence and quality of the old New England standards are well sustained at Harvard in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Medicine, law, philosophy, international law and social ethics, in fact the whole curriculum at Harvard is as thoroughly and as fearlessly handled as any place I have ever known.

The teachers and the governing element have a singular way of doing things very well. The north-

eastern cornerstone of our American education is definitely in Harvard Square. The stabilizing quality of modern democracy is radiated through our civilization by the men and women who flow through the great universities of our country. The humble beginning of King's College in and before Revolutionary days gave us Alexander Hamilton and influenced distinctly the lives of many early American statesmen. Columbia University, where it now stands on Morningside Heights overlooking the Hudson River, is a grown-up university, a real adult in size and accomplishment, pouring into our civilization thousands of teachers equipped with the world's best psychology and methods of teaching men and women to be free, grown-up Americans. Our blight of bigotry is less powerful and our curse of cash is less troublesome than in other parts of the world. Great, big, grand old New York City is the greatest place ever built by human hands where seven million human beings live. Through the long deep network of subways and tubes on the elevated trains, busses, and trolleys they surge like an endless stream through the nights and days. All the important trains and ships come and go to and from New York. 'Tis the great business heart of the world. Its pulse is felt by all the economics on earth. The thrill of the eternal rush; the endless roar permeates our souls and consciousness, and with a thrill we long to live it again!

Each church, university, or city has distinct characteristics of its own. We feel these individual markers and recognize them like the character and personality of our friends. All are churches, each different; Cities, different every one. Universities, each different through and through. We are human beings, no two

alike. Nations, states—all are different. In the last analysis, what have we in common? Only the fellowship of real love flowing through it all can designate the real worth which we care to retain and live again.

Many of the best educated people I have known welcome life as an experience. Once lived, is life to be laid away like an old suit, or abandoned like an inadequate dwelling wherein we wish to live no more? We pass this way but once, and having past we are gone forever. Most educated people feel sincerely the end of human experience is a definite finish to humanity. Some welcome oblivion. Others anticipate the unknown. When the sudden question is thrust upon them most say, "No, I would not live it again."

Devoutly religious people scorn life's experience as perpertration and perpetuation of sin. Usually when they are confronted with the end of life, and they are asked, would you live it again, almost invariably they answer, "definitely no," notwithstanding the fact eternal life is the promised reward in the heavenly realm of the faithful.

To relive life, its tests and struggles, is generally refused by those who have not had to struggle. Three human beings I have known intimately suffered until all human experience was at an end. Solidified joints made them motionless and helpless physically. Through many years of torture all three knew and understood clearly that death could be their only change. Mentally all three were alert and cheerful to the end. An ice-pack was forgotten and allowed to remain too long. Her eye-balls were frozen. The gloom of blind darkness was added to the motionless, solidified body. "Would you live it again?" I asked each many times. Invariably, "Yes," was their answer.

Their mental quality became finer through the years. I am sure people who really suffer most and struggle sincerely develop more keenly the appreciation of life and the world in which they live. Development of quality is forced upon us. We seldom know the end of human experience until death, but when life continues after human experiences are ended, we develop a rare sense of toleration and forgiveness. Fate, destiny, broken nature's laws, Almighty God—all these explanations are given and often applied to bring comfort to those who suffer the even handed justice of natural broken, eternal law. A rare quality of growth and appreciation is developed by those who really suffer. They invariably answer, "Could I be as I was, and know the freedom, beauty, and joys, I would gladly live it again. Considering all the sorrow and torture, if I knew I had to live through it again, I would do it rather than miss the experience of living."

This is also my own experience. I have watched the desirable part of humanity crumble, and lost to the extent of my capacity to lose. Strange as it may seem, rather than to miss the chance to live, I would do it again. By all that's beautiful and holy—I would live it again!

MAN

Can you walk the path with common man;
And teach yourself each day to do the best you can,
Never howl, nor whine?
Man, it takes a man!

Can you take a financial fall
And feel the pressure as you back against the wall,
Climb again, bit by bit
Man, it takes a man!

Can you keep your human quality,
And never use a rotten plan,
Step fast, or slowly as you can?
Man, it takes a man!

Can you feel the sting of slander's poison dart
That spoils your life and breaks your heart?
Can you suffer like a man
Man, it takes a man!